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COLONIAL VIRGINIA:

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE HISTORICAL
CONGRESS AT CHICAGO, JULY 13TH, 1893,

TOGETHER WITH A SERIES OF

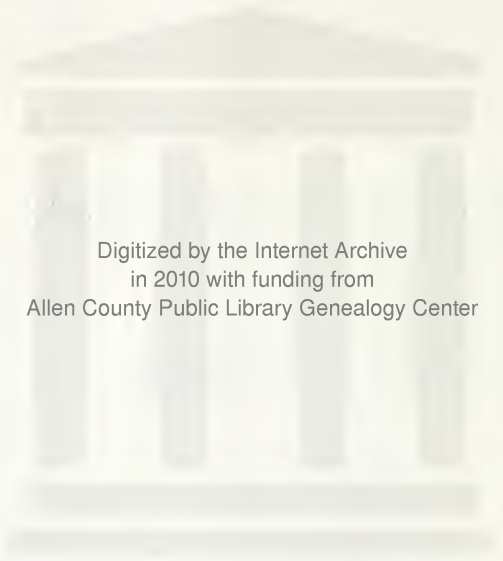
WORLD'S FAIR LETTERS,

BY

MARY MANN PAGE NEWTON.

RICHMOND, VA:
WEST, JOHNSON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1894



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AN APOLOGY.

To such as may deem the World's Fair and Colonial Virginia not sufficiently congenial subjects to be confined between the covers of the same volume, this word of apology:

The first paper was written, by invitation, for the Historical Congress of the Fair, and thus had the honor of becoming as modest and insignificant a part of the great Exposition, as the tiny ray reflected from the point of ray lady's needle can claim to be of yonder Sun in the blue heavens. It seeks but to present the slightest outline of the first colony's hand in laying the Corner-stone of New World civilization; while the World's Fair reminiscences touch as briefly and inadequately upon the polished cap-stone erected at Chicago in Eighteen hundred and ninety-three.

It is earnestly hoped that in thus combining a note from the Past with a note from the Present, none of the laws of harmony have been transgressed.

MARY MANX PAGE NEWTON.

Richmond, Virginia.

COLONIAL VIRGINIA:

Its Part in Moulding American Civilization.

I.

The Old World at the birth-day party of the New is probably philosopher enough to ask, as with wide-opened eyes she gazes around her upon the mighty people, the great civilization of which this fete is the exponent: Whence sprung these things? Of what causes is this the astonishing effect? What and whence were the fires and forces at work within the minds of men that have burst forth in this new phase, these new conditions of human life, manners, and affairs?

Let us endeavor to briefly suggest answers to a few of these questions.

No attempt at a chronicle of battles shall here be made. We are dealing less with revolution than evolution—the evolution of a great nation, from a handful of hardy colonists—the causes that have conspired to make this American people the most cultured, the most liberal, the most progressive of any people of its age, or rather of its *growth* on the globe.

Especially we will consider that part of this New World which bears the beautiful name of Virginia, the State which was the scene of the first colonial home, the first city, the first church, the first college but one: which struck the first blow for Freedom, and when that had been gained made the first move towards confederation.

II.

In the beginning we must remember that this country was not settled by a race of mere pirates, uncouth and unlearned, and with no higher aim in life than a desire for plunder and novelty. The first important expedition that came to Virginia sailed straight from the court of a Queen, and that Queen the sovereign of the golden age of English letters. Its chief sponsor, the gallant Sir Walter, was distinguished not only for the polish and elegance that befits a courtier, but for the erudition of a scholar, the virtues and graces of a christian gentleman. What matters it that Raleigh's expedition failed of its purpose, since it accomplished the great good of lending dignity to American exploration, making it instead of recreation for the restless spirits of adventurers and vagabonds, an honorable enterprise, fit to be engaged in by the noble, the brave and the wise. Many such soon followed the fashion thus worthily set, and right speedily was embedded in the virgin soil of the New World that germ of Old World culture and civilization, which though oft laid waste by the wirry blasts of war has with each returning spring time of peace, put forth its hardy shoots anew, and grown, and blossomed, and borne fruit, through three hundred years.

III.

The first settlers were not only a civilized people, they were a God-fearing people. In the words of a reliable chronicler: "Substantial churchmen, with their wives, daughters, and goods, offered for colonists. Prayers were said in the churches for the safety of the expedition. With the bishop's benediction, the King's favor, and the people's good will they sailed away." Wherever they touched land the Cross was instantly planted, and the corner-stone of the Church was laid, deep and strong, by John Smith and his men, on June 21st, 1607, when a congregation of one hundred souls, fifty-five of whom were "gentlemen," gathered in the grove at Jamestown to hold religious service, to receive, kneeling upon the fresh green sod, the Holy Communion, and to hear good Chaplain Hunt preach from a pulpit consisting of a plank nailed between two trees, the first sermon ever wafted upon the air of the red man's home. The rude cabins that were their first homes were no sooner built than was the first, equally rude, church building which the worthy chaplain describes as "a homely thing like a barn set on crotchets, covered with rafters, sods, and brush." When they built better houses to live in, they built a better sanctuary to worship in, and to-day the most beautiful and interesting monuments in this old State are the colonial church buildings that stand pointing heavenward from the midst of their silent graveyards. May the merciless years blot from memory whatever of human frailty marred the lives of the builders, even as the green moss and ivy throw their kindly brooding over

every rough cranny and seam in the venerable walls that they have left us.

John Smith tell us that in one of his journeys of exploration "the salvages were mighty amazed" at his reading the prayers of the Established Church and a psalm every day by order of the authorities. Even before Smith's time the first white child born on American shores had the seal of the Christian Church set on her brow in Holy Baptism. In the troublous times nearly 200 years later we have proof of the esteem in which religious observances were still held by the Colony, in the setting apart by the Assembly of May 5, 1774, of "a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer." Virginia was unlike her younger sisters in that she was regularly colonized under the auspices of Church and Crown. She was, as has been truly said, no more an English Colony than an English parish, and in the earliest days Church and State were so firmly welded in her government, that it would be hard to find the seam showing where one began and the other ended.

The vestries and church wardens played a prominent part, and were regarded not only as spiritual pastors and masters, but were invested with no mean degree of civil authority. They were chosen from the most influential men among the settlers, and many of the names which illumine the pages of colonial history are identical with those entombed in such of the musty, dusty old vestry books as have been preserved. Their duties were not only to build and furnish churches and provide them with ministers, "clerks," and sextons; and to take care of the poor, the afflicted, and the orphans of the parish, but they were to be "censors of public morals," to reform manners, and fine law-breakers. They were ordered by the Assembly

to "take care that the people resort to church on the Sabbath day, the penalty of absence being a pound of tobacco, or for a month's absence fifty pounds; that all who till the ground of what quality soever pay tithes to the minister." They were to present to the mid-summer assizes the names not only of all persons who were found guilty of breaking any of the Commandments, but also of "masters and mistresses who neglect to catechise their children and servants, and neglecters of the Sacraments."

The infant nation was then established from the beginning upon a firm basis of civilization and Christianity—she was no Gypsy foundling, but the proud offspring of a wise and good mother.

IV.

Close on the heels of the early colonization followed the importation into Virginia of African slaves.

One eventful morning in 1619 the loungers about the wharf at Jamestown sighted the approaching white wings of a Dutch vessel. She sailed into port and landed her dusky cargo, and then and there was held an impromptu World's Congress of Races as astonishing for that time as is the great Fair of Chicago for our time, for on the green banks of the James the White man, the Red man, and the Black man stood face to face, and as thrilling and significant a moment as ever dawned over the wind-swept shores of Lake Michigan had flashed into the irrevocable Past!

This institution of slavery was destined to prove an important factor in the development of our history. Whatever were the ills that followed in its train and that were many, two great goods have been gained to the

world by it. What had been the most barbarous of all races was raised in a few brief years to a state of civilization which places it ahead of naturally superior races, and upon such a plane that they are adjudged by the government worthy to share the political rights and privileges of the people who were once their masters. By it those who brought them into bondage were enabled to cultivate large tracts of land, to convert, as though by magic, a wilderness into a garden, and while under the direction of their masters the servants tilled the fruitful soil of the earth, the masters themselves were given leisure to cultivate the soil of their own minds, and to turn the roughening influences of pioneer life into an atmosphere of social elegance.

Every plantation was a little principality, every householder a little king, every woman a little queen, learning lessons in government which fitted them to be great statesmen, and helps meet for great statesmen.

Learning also from saying to this man go, and to that man come, and being wont to receive unquestioning obedience, to be tenacious of that liberty which was the prime difference between them and their bond-servants, and to brook no check upon their right royal rights—a lesson which had its practical result in the "Give me liberty, or give me death!" of Patrick Henry,—the war-cry of the Revolutionists.

How wisely spake the great English statesman, Edmund Burke, when he said: "In Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves." When this is true in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most jealous of their freedom."

V.

It has been frequently remarked that most of the heroes of Virginia history have been country born and bred, and, indeed, as one visits the homes of men whom the whole world has come to know, a natural thought is how could they have helped being great amid such environment? For these homes, scattered along the banks of broad rivers or through lovely valleys, it was always easy to find a commanding site. The houses were usually built with lofty ceilings and spacious halls, which would seem to be conducive to the growth and development of large and noble ideas; beautiful landscapes stretched away before and behind them, the dim, mysterious forest was near enough at hand to invite a thought-inspiring ramble, and here, close to the throbbing heart of Nature, did the early American live out the peaceful life of a husbandman, which free, blessed existence has been summed up by Douglas Jerrold as "a life fed by the bounty of earth, and sweetened by the airs of heaven."

It was when the old Greeks lived in close communion with Nature, when (since every natural force was to them a god, every flutter of a leaf or tremble of a star's ray a direct message of the Voice Divine) they were bound to be close observers of the mysteries, the harmonies, and never-erring wisdom of Nature, that they excelled in philosophy and the fine arts, and it was in the healthful atmosphere of tranquillity that hung about the streams and rocks and forests of our fair country-side, far from the fretting, bustling, sordid city, that the mental and moral muscle of the forefathers of this people were developed.

VI.

It was doubtless owing to these same causes that the makers of Virginia were from the first a book-loving people. In their quiet country homes the mind was not distracted by the unwholesome excitements presented by present-day city life, nor had the intellectual appetite been spoiled for more earnest reading by a high-tide of newspaper and other temporary literature. The educational advantages were, of course, very meagre at first, but brains were not allowed to rust for lack of schools and colleges. Many young men were sent to England to school, and those who stayed at home were educated at home, along with their sisters, for never did home education attain to such a degree of completeness and excellence as in the days of the Colonies. Virginia was not a half century old when an Assembly was called to take steps toward the establishment of a college where the higher branches of education could be taught, and when the father of the scheme, indefatigable Commissary Blair, saw the fulfilment of his dream, and the charter "To furnish a seminary of ministers of the Gospel, educate youth in good manners and propagate truth among the Indians" was granted by their Majesties William and Mary, and the college which bears their royal names, was founded at Williamsburgh, it became the pet and joy of the Colony, and from its honored walls such galaxy of intellectual lights began to shed abroad their influence as never could have been but for the fathers and mothers who in the genial seclusion of country life sowed the seed gathered from every

munion with the best authors, and from thought and conversation inspired by them.

VII.

It was not until years afterward that educational advantages for women were had, and they continued to be taught in their homes, if not by the parents themselves, by some of the grandparents or aunts who had a seat of honor beside every hearthstone. That this was the case in other colonies as well as in Virginia we have witness in a letter written by Mrs. John Adams, in 1795. She says: "I have never forgotten the lessons which I received from my grandmother at a very early period of my life. Mature years have rendered them oracles of wisdom to me."

Mrs. Carrington, of Virginia (wife of Colonel Edward Carrington of the Revolutionary Army, and sister-in-law of the great Chief Justice John Marshall), who was one of the most cultured and elegant women of her time, tells in an old manuscript which has been preserved, how she and her sister were taught entirely by their father, who, from the time they were five years old, devoted every hour not given up to the business of the government position he held, to their education. She says that the only schooling for girls outside of their own homes was a knowledge of reading and writing, which could be had for "twenty-five pounds and a load of wood per year." Her copies were set by her father "in the fairest hand," "short but always containing a lesson of piety, or an elegant moral quotation—the orthography and grammar entirely defective, which we were to correct. No English grammar at that time was to be found. Parents

and teachers of later times owe much to Lindlay Murray. . . . Amusing books were left carelessly open on the tables, and our education went on without rule or forms." Later, when by marriage with her sister, John Marshall had become a member of her family, she tells how he entertained them by reading aloud from "the best English authors—particularly the poets." Since books, as well as most of the clothing and furniture, and often even the bricks of which the houses were built, were brought from England, most naturally the same authors who were being read and discussed in the Mother Country found their way to the Colonial libraries, though they must needs have been somewhat late in arriving there. The collection of books at "Westover," the historic seat of the Byrd family on the banks of the James, one of the earliest of colonial homes, would make an extensive library for a private gentleman of to-day, which shows that in seeking a home in the wilds of the western lands, the colonist brought with him not only the sword and the axe of the pioneer, but the less aggressive implements of the student, and that from the work of laying off cities in a wilderness and fixing boundaries between States, whose only highways were rivers and whose only walls the blue mountains, he returned to that home to take up within its four walls the conventional, even life of a gentleman and man of letters, brought with him from England.

VIII.

From study of the old epitaphs to be found on the tombstones in all of the colonial church-yards, a deal of knowledge may be gained of the lives of those over whom the

"mossy marbles rest." The frequent mention made in these prim inscriptions of "hospitalitie," shows it to have been a much esteemed virtue, as well as a marked characteristic of those days of plenty, when want was a thing unknown, and the despairing struggle for a bare existence not even to be conceived of. The quaint historian, Beverly, writing in 1705, says that a person poor enough to beg was never heard of, and when a charitably-disposed person left, in his will, five pounds for the poor of the parish, the money lay untouched nine years for lack of a person poor enough to accept it!

It was the custom for families of wealth to go through the country in their own carriages, stopping at the homes of friends along the way for a length of time varying from one night to many weeks, and always sure of a hearty welcome and entertainment fit to serve a king. There lies before me as I write, a letter yellow with age, written from Mt. Vernon in 1799 by the Mrs. Carrington already quoted, describing such an excursion. From the pretty and vivid picture she draws of the home-life of Washington, we may learn how unpretentious the truly great can dare to be, and the simple manner of living chosen by the family of that honored son of old Virginia, who had held the highest positions in the gift of his country both in war and peace. Mrs. Carrington writes: "It is really an enjoyment to be here to witness the tranquil happiness that reigns throughout the house, except now and then a little bustle occasioned by the young Squire Custis when he returns from hunting, bringing in a valiant deer, as he calls it. . . . My mornings are spent charmingly in the different chambers: first an hour after breakfast with the 'Lady,' dressing the pretty little stranger who is the delight of the

grand-mama, then we repair to the Old Lady's room, which is nicely fixed for all kinds of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting, on the other a little colored pet learning to sew, an old decent-looking woman with her table and shears cutting out the negroes' winter clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself, and pointing out to me the several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she has just finished. Her netting, too, is a great source of amusement, and is so neatly done that the younger part of the family are proud of trimming their dresses with it, and have furnished me with a whole suit, so that I shall appear *a la domestique* at the first party we have when I go home. It is wonderful, after a life spent as these people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them, in retirement, assume the domestic manners that prevail in our country when but a year since they were forced to forego all these innocent delights to sacrifice to the parade of the drawing-room and the levee. The recollection of these 'lost days,' as Mrs. Washington calls them, seems to fill her with regret, but the extensive knowledge she has gained in this general intercourse with persons from all parts of the world has made her a most interesting companion, and having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century."

IX.

From the supreme moment when the great curtain of Progress first rose on the glorious drama of American History, Woman has played a leading part in it. It was by her aid and arrangement of a woman, the brilliant and

beautiful Isabella of Aragon, that Columbus was enabled to find the way to this fertile, fair land. It was in the name of a woman—his mighty sovereign, for whom the colony of Virginia received her *woman's* name, that Raleigh resigned the delights of court life to secure to the English crown the newly discovered territory. When the newborn colony was about to be strangled in its infancy it was a woman—the Indian maiden Pocahontas—who rescued it from being swept for ever from the face of the earth. The half will never be known of the women who worked side by side with the men in laying the corner-stone of a new nation upon untried soil, or of those who remaining in England, encouraged by their letters, their gifts and their prayers, the hearts of the pioneers across the seas.

A pretty story is told of one fair and gracious woman, a Saxon princess, "Amalia." She persuaded the prince of that part of Germany now called Bavaria to send out his pet regiment to fight for the colonies. In spite of the generally accepted belief (the story goes) that no German espoused the American cause, that regiment, under Lafayette's command, did gallant fighting for Independence.

The unique position in society and affairs held by the American woman has been a subject of comment the world over—a position the freest, the most independent and (without the slightest sacrifice of man's respect) the best bound by narrowing conventionalities of that occupied by any woman in the world. It is a noteworthy truth that the march of civilization from continent to continent has, since the world began, been marked by the place accorded to woman—a place which has grown wider and more honorable as the world has waxed better and wiser.

No wonder, then, that in a New World, a new era of

civilization, Woman should find herself upon a new plane, or rather a new pedestal, and that the reflection of her figure, as she stands the observed of all the nations, falling back upon the Old World, has wrought, and is still working, vast changes in her position in society there.

Now what manner of women were the grandmothers of the American woman of to-day, and what were the conditions which enabled them to take the position, in the start, which their daughters of the nineteenth century have inherited and are steadfastly maintaining, and which gives to American woman and American society a stamp of individuality all their own? Not the easiest question in the world to answer, for one of the first principles of the creed of chivalry adhered to by the cavalier settlers of the first of the colonies, and handed down to their sons, was the seclusion of their women. However widely the knightly deeds of the men were noised abroad the glory of woman's name and fame must never reach beyond the rays that shone out from her own fireside, or at furthest the limits of the exclusive social circle in which she moved. Even in much more modern times it would have been most shocking to the old-fashioned Virginia gentleman to see the publication of a woman's name, save in two connections only—the announcement of her marriage and of her death. As late as 1879, that venerable Virginia historian and minister of God, Philip Sklaughter, who was a perfect type of such a gentleman in paying a tribute to some honored sons and daughters of his native State speaks of the men by name, and of the women as “the gracious matrons whom we dare not name in print.”

Fortunately, however, we can gather from the old diaries and private letters that have escaped destruction

enough material to carve out a fairly distinct figure of early American womanhood, and beyond question it is an heroic figure.

During the toilsome days of colonization, and especially in the troublous times of war, the American woman had not time to be a mere ornament of society: her work was as surely marked out as was that of the soldier on the battle-field with the voice of his commanding officer in his ear. Hers was the responsibility of governing in the absence of the lord of the house, the large family which every plantation with its throng of servants maintained, and in times of peace the wisdom developed by home government was often called into play to assist the statesman of whom she found herself the wife or mother, in State government. From the moment of the nation's birth the women of both Virginia and the younger colonies worked hand in hand with man for the promotion of the country's good. The camp-fires around which the heroes of the Revolution and of the earlier wars gathered when the day's march was done, were lighted with a taper from the pure flame that glowed in the wide chimneys of the colonial homesteads: without these firesides the camp-fires, most like, had never been kindled, the American Republic never been born of the British colonies.

To seek to add a ray to the pure halo that gleams about the name and memory of Mary Washington, were, indeed, "to gild refined gold."

John Quincy Adams said, after having been President of the United States, "All I am my mother made me," and indeed the letters (which make as fascinating reading as any tale of love and beauty) of that noble daughter of Massachusetts, Abigail Adams, show her to have been a woman of wondrous force of character and intellect, burn-

ing with patriotism, and right worthy the peerless distinction of being wife of one President of the United States, and mother of another—both of them great and honored statesmen.

These letters are full, not only of tenderness and womanliness, but of political wisdom. In those written to her husband during the great war of the Revolution, and while he was absent at foreign courts attending to affairs of state, she is continually spurring him on to a greater zeal for the cause of Liberty. In one of them she exclaims, "I cannot bear to think of your continuing in a state of supineness this winter." In one letter she will describe herself as directing the affairs of her house and family, busy at the spinning-wheel, saying that she hopes to be as good a "farmeress" as her husband is a good statesman; in the next she will draw a vivid picture of battles going on around her, wishing herself out of hearing of the cannon's roar because she cannot help to fire them.

In the midst of all of this excitement she is educating her children, and speaks of being mightily entertained by hearing John Quincy, her eldest son, read aloud from Rollin's *Ancient History*. She shows familiarity with Shakespeare, Dryden and others of the poets, and regrets the trifling, narrow, contracted education of many of her country-women.

It is not surprising that women of to-day should fancy the pretty soubriquet of "Colonial Dames," when we learn from these old manuscripts and letters what a moral and intellectual force were the colonial dames of colonial times. Brains did not seem to be incompatible with social success when society meant the intercourse of men and women of talent, culture, and character.

The wife of the great Virginia statesman, Thomas Jeffer-



son, was a gifted and accomplished woman, and by her sympathy with her husband in his literary tastes and pursuits, doubtless stimulated that zeal for learning that has been of such lasting good to his country.

In spite of her demure Quaker cap, one cannot help being reminded in reading the letters written by and about sweet Dolly Madison, as President Madison's wife was lovingly called, of the women of the old French salons. Mistress Madison was not only a beautiful and fascinating woman, but a brilliant and noble one. Though many years younger than her husband, she wisely counselled him upon the most serious affairs of state, and with her sparkling wit and sunny temper cheered him when harassed by care. She was a brilliant conversationalist, holding her own with the brightest men of her time, and at the same time an industrious housewife and tender wife and mother. She is described by an English noble as looking "every inch a queen," and during her stay at the White House she was indeed a queen of social affairs in the capital.

During that reign we are told that "embittered politicians who never met save at her hospitable board, forgot their quarrels under the influence of her gracious tact."

President Madison's mother was another striking example of noble and intellectual womanhood. A writer in account of a visit to the Virginia plantation of her distinguished son writes of the old lady, then in her ninety-seventh year, sitting upon a couch with a table "filled with large, dark, worn quartos and folios" at her side, and declaring that between her books and her knitting she was never idle, adding, "my eyes, thanks be to God, have not failed me yet, and I read most of the day."

That Franklin's zeal for learning was shared by his



daughter we have testimony in a letter written by her in 1786 to her father, then in Paris, recommending to his interest a scheme of one Chevelier Quesnay de Beaurepeare to found at Richmond, Virginia, an "Academy of Sciences and Fine Arts." She says: "As a mother who desires to give her children a useful and polite education, and who will be especially proud to have them trained in her own country, and under her own eyes, I pray you give Monsieur Quesnay all the assistance that may lie in your power."

In an old letter giving an account of Chief Justice Marshall's meeting with and wooing of the woman who afterwards became his wife, we are told that that lady "quickly developed his character and knew how to appreciate it."

Who can measure the influence exerted on the characters and destinies of the makers of American history, and through them upon American history itself by the sympathetic co-operation of such mothers, wives, and daughters as these?

X.

A most marked characteristic of the people of Virginia has ever been their extraordinary recuperative power—the buoyant, indomitable spirit which, declining to be crushed bids defiance to despair, and faces every difficulty and adversity with head erect with unswerving eye. It was this spirit which enabled the early settlers of this old State to meet with equanimity the hardships and dangers of a new country, it was this spirit that framed the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, it is this spirit that has caused our ship of State to ride lightly

over the billows which have furrowed her pathway into the harbor of prosperity and peace where she now lies moored.

The blending of the blood of the English, the stalwart Scotch-Irish, the French Huguenot and the German in the veins of this people, has resulted in a strength and elasticity of will and spirit, that may be bent but no more easily broken than a giant cable made of many skillfully-intervoven steel wires.

It was of such a people that the poet sang:

“Gashed with honorable scars
Low in glory's lap they lie,
Though they fall, they fall like stars,
Streaming splendor through the sky.”

WORLD'S FAIR LETTERS.

FOREIGN FOLK OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

I.

With the blue reflection of Lake Michigan in your eyes, and the music of moving waters in your ears, it is pleasant to fancy that it may sometimes be given to the spirit of that daring mariner, Christopher Columbus, to set sail from Ghostland, and pilot some phantom ship across the waves, and into the gleaming white harbor of the City, more beautiful than ancient Athens which we, the people of America, have builded in our midst to do him honor.

At the gates of that City the spirit of Poetry receives you as her guest and taking you by the hand, leads you through broad avenues, under lofty arches, past fluted columns and airy domes from whose summits graceful statues, now purest white, now burnished gold, stand out against the blue heavens; or, if you will, she glides with you, Venetian fashion, along a serpentine street of limpid water which winds itself in and out—in and out—among and between snowy marble palaces, its rhythmic flow with the soft plash of the gondolier's oar, making the rhyme and the time of the poem which is gradually being unrolled before you. Yes, it is poetry pure and simple! Walking through the grounds it is an epic, drifting through them on the bosom of the lagoon, it becomes a lyric, while at night, when sculptured fountains are veiled in rainbow-hued spray, and a thousand



thousand fairy lamps twinkle and glance from turret and dome, and bridge, and colonnade, it is a mid-summer nights' dream of loveliness and fantasy which should be ushered in with the words: "Come, now a roundel and a fairy song!" As you sailed the ocean blue in your pretty little caravel, O, Columbus, and from under your uplifted hand peered anxiously across the waters into the great Unknown which lay before you, you could never have dreamed of anything like this City that has been fashioned upon the shores of this New World, and in whose midst rises a chaste and lofty obelisk, about the base of which are graven these words: "Four hundred years after the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus the Nations of the World unite on this spot to compare in friendly emulation their achievements in Art, Science, Manufacture and Agriculture."

Some of these nations were not of the world as you knew it, Christopher, for our world is a vaster place than yours was—Mighty nations have been born and reached maturity since all that was mortal of you turned to dust!

Next in charm after the architectural beauty of the City itself are these foreign people who have met us here to compare their works and ways with ours. Let us divide a morning between Germany, Sweden, East India and Ceylon. The four are as unlike as if they belonged upon as many planets, and, indeed, an absence of monotonous uniformity is one of the chief attractions of the Columbian City. The several nations have fashioned their buildings each in her own way, and according to her own notions, and the individuality of each is thus brought out in clear-cut distinctness.

GERMANY.

From the imposing tower which graces the German building the hours of the day are sweetly chimed upon the air, the sound mingling pleasantly with the swish of waves of the majestic inland sea, which stretches away before it. In the exterior of the building is quaintly and ingeniously blended every type of German architecture, of every period, making one picturesque, and harmonious whole. The interior of the building stands as unmistakably, albeit silently, for *intellect* as does a wreath of curling blue smoke for living coals. Literature, Art, and Science seem to be the dignified custodians of the German exhibit. Methinks the heart of Columbus himself would be gladdened at the sight of the beautiful maps, charts, and globes which, together with pictures, handsomely bound and printed books, and music, in orderly and impressive array, meet the eye at every turn. A most æsthetic section of the building takes the form of a chapel, with arched roof and painted windows, which shows what the Germans can do in church decorative art. Most beautiful and interesting is a great panel of wood-carving on German lime-wood (representing the Last Supper, in the bas-relief) which really deserves the name of sculpture. So well have the faces of each of the Twelve been graven that it is easy to guess many of them from the expressions upon their faces, which proclaim with marvellous art the characters of the men they represent. Hundreds of persons try to get into this chapel every day at twelve o'clock to see the wonder-clock there, from which, at that hour, a

procession of little people emerges and goes through the Passion play—a triumph of mechanism, even for 1893.

CEYLON.

There is something strange, yet very fresh and pleasant, in the idea that, in this city of delightful surprises, dignified, cultured Germany, and unenlightened, funny, fascinating little Ceylon should be next door neighbors!

It was at the Agricultural building, in partaking of a cup of their delicious tea (which they brew and dispense there and in the woman's building, as well as in their own little tea-house) that I first made the acquaintance of the Singhalese, as the queer little Ceylon folk call themselves, and I forthwith lied me to their "court," where they and their dainty handiwork are to be seen in all their charming foreignness. How funny (which simply means how unlike us Americans) they are! The men are small in comparison with those of most other peoples, and the women tiny creatures with delicate hands and wrists, and pathetic little faces which look as if they knew naught of laughter.

They are decidedly dusky as to complexion, with shiny black hair which is worn long by both sexes. It is queer to see the men with their hair tucked up in effeminate little knots at the back of the head, and round combs, such as American little girls wear, pushed through it to keep it smooth off the face. The effeminacy of their appearance is added to by the long white linen coats, nearly to the feet, worn by these polite servers of tea. Very much of coolness and cleanliness, too, do these spotless garments add to the appearance of their court. Most of these people speak our language beautifully, in mellow tones and with very

little foreign accent. In answer to my query as to where he learned English, one of them replied: "At school in Ceylon."

"The mission schools," I asked. "Oh, no, lady," he said, "I am Mohammedan," adding that many of his countrymen here are worshippers of Buddha. The usual Singhalese salutation, which means either good morning or good night, is *ah-ye-horn*, at least that is what it sounds like.

The little Singhalese woman in the woman's building always has a crowd around her, and answers with great forbearance the many questions put to her, though I was struck with the positive, though courteous way in which she dismissed an over-inquisitive visitor who had evidently tried her patience to the last extremity. "Will you excuse me?" she said in reply to a rather too-personal query, and firmly but politely declined to utter another word.

This little woman is quite covered up with jewels. Her arms and neck are encircled again and again with bracelets and necklaces of barbaric fashion and manufacture, while in addition to the long earrings in the lobes of her ears, she wears jewels screwed into the tops and sides of them! Her tiny hands are heavy with rings, which she says are symbolic of marriage, and on one side of her nose is screwed a jewel, the Singhalese badge of motherhood.

The Ceylon building is in itself of great interest. It is the picturesque and peaked fac-simile of a court in an ancient Singhalese palace, it is built of hard native woods, and is artistically carved without and within. Inside the roof is supported by pillars of ornamental woods, made rich with carving, and all by hand, of course.

One is impressed with the fact that upon the little isle of Ceylon, whatever may be scarce, time and labour are plenty and cheap. The polished, white tusks of their sacred animal, the elephant, are as in the East India building, to be seen everywhere, and play a large part in the decoration of the court. One becomes quite accustomed to scowl or grin of the idols which squat, both in Ceylon and India, in every corner, and make fascinatingly hideous every niche and pedestal. Verily do these people seem to have exhausted every resource and spared no toil to make beautiful and delightful to the eye everything except their gods, which they have been at like pains to make repulsive! Some of the customs of the country are shown in such devices as a model of a mail cart drawn by two oxen, with an important looking citizen of Ceylon mounted upon the box, reins and whip in hand; and a scene showing the cultivation of rice and cocoanuts modeled in clay. In one corner of the building sits a serious looking Singhalese making souvenir specimens of "horoscope" writing. This is said to be the oldest form of writing in the world, and has the appearance of intricate geometric figures. It is written upon palm leaves with a style which cuts into the leaf. When it is done the writer dips his *finger* into the ink-pot and rubs it all over his manuscript, then wipes it off with a damp cloth, which removes all of the ink from the smooth surface of the palm-leaf, but leaves the lines made by the style black. Upon the back of each such souvenir the writer inscribes, in the same manner, but in modern Singhalese, the name "Ceylon," Christopher Columbus, his own name, the year of Mohammed and the year of the Christian era.

Hardby the main building of Ceylon is the little ter-

house built of palmetto, which lends to the exhibit a flavor and charm as fresh and peculiar as is the aroma of its own tea.

EAST INDIA.

It would take volumes to describe all of the beautiful, quaint, and fastastic wares contained in the building of Ceylon's big sister, East India. Exquisite cashmere shawls, said to have taken seven years to make, dainty carving upon ivory, alabaster, and scented woods, massive utensils of beaten gold, silver, and brass, and luxurious rugs and draperies make the building gorgeous without and within, and sandal-wood everywhere fills the air with its drowsy perfume. A queer picture of three moons, one of which is eclipsed by the other two, is supposed to represent the rise of India and Ceylon teas, and the decline of those of China and Japan.

A visitor who was generous in her expressions of surprise and pleasure at the beauty and delicate workmanship of the Indian wares, was overheard by one of the native exhibitors: "Ah, lady," he exclaimed with a pathetic shake of his head, "India is the *mother*, but alas, all of her children have forgotten her!"

The men (I saw no women) of India are larger than those of Ceylon, and of lighter complexion—nearer the color of copper—and I should imagine from their countenances that they might be easily aroused to anger, though I saw in them only politeness and good humor.

Their dress is very much like that of the Singhalese, except that they wear upon their heads great turbans of white cloth embroidered with tinsel. I was deeply im-

pressed with the courteous manner of these people one day when I made one of an immense crowd of tired sight-seers waiting to get a cup of tea. The white-turbaned waiter, who was being called upon from all sides at once, while hurrying through the clamoring throng with both hands full, endeavored to impart to us some of his own admirable equanimity and patience, by saying, pleasantly and politely, "Bear it with grace!" This, it must be remembered, is the laboring class.

SWEDEN.

From the "spicy breezes" of India and Ceylon to the icy blasts of Sweden seems rather a sudden change, and yet we can make the journey without the slightest discomfort or danger from climatic differences, and in the space of a very few moments! True, there is something a bit chilling and lacking of grace in the exterior of this building (which is of a style of architecture that has prevailed in Sweden since the time of Columbus) and yet one can imagine that these dark peaks might be frostily picturesque befringed with icicles, and in the midst of fir trees and snow. Inside, the place is as fascinating as anything in the Columbian city. Near the door stands a pretty Swedish girl clad in her national dress, and with her blue eyes and fair complexion set off by the tall, white, pointed cap and gay, laced bodice, she is as pleasing to look upon as any maid might wish to be. By the way, Swedish taste seems to run towards peaks, if we are to judge from their architecture and the head dress of their women, for the tops of their houses and their maidens seem to end, alike, in steeples.

Arranged around the interior of the building are life-like wax figures, grouped so as to show the manners and customs of both out-of-door and indoor life in Sweden. An exceedingly pathetic group is called "The Baby's Last Bed." It represents a scene of mourning in a peasant's cottage. Upon a little cot lies a dead babe, while near by waits the open empty coffin. The mother has thrown herself across the little one's form, the father stands with a heart-broken expression on his face, and the little sister and brother with a look of awe and wonderment on theirs: the pastor is here, too, full of sympathy, yet powerless to help. As you turn from this almost too-realistic picture, you feel that the "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" has knit a warm and close bond between you and the simple-hearted peasantry of wintry, far-away Sweden. Opposite this scene of sorrow is a very beautiful and bracing one of out-of-door life.

The bloom of our Southern cotton plant has been used with artistic and telling effect in creating fields of snow, which are relieved by the fir and pine tree of the North. Life is added to the picture by the presence in the foreground of a man walking upon snow-shoes (a very uncomfortable and awkward way to walk, apparently, for the shoes are some two yards long!) while a little way off another hardy Swede sits in a sleigh drawn by reindeer: the men are wax, of course, and the reindeer is stuffed, but the scene is up to life.

Another group shows a peasant woman in the street with her infant in a leathern bag on her back, bargaining with a peddler for a string of beads. Another is called "Asking the Daisy" — a Swedish maiden telling her fortune by pluck-

ing the petals from a daisy, as is the wont of maidens, wherever daisies grow.

A unique object lesson in wax-work is to be found in the figure of a man sailing upon skates: he has what looks like an ordinary canvas sail, with a mast, strapped to his side in some way, and he—skates on feet—stands against it, and is supposed to be borne along by the wind, without any exercise of his muscles. Of no little interest are the alcoves which have been partitioned off and furnished, to show how the houses of the rich are arranged: an especially attractive one represents a library, and is elegant, artistic, and comfortable. The massive carved furniture and unique and beautiful articles of table ware (beaten gold and silver, set with precious stones) would worthily grace any royal palace.

One of the quaintest and most interesting of Swedish customs is that of the special seats in the homes. Among the peasants of the oldest times the women, particularly the old women, had the warm place by the fire in the hut. When the Christian bishops re-organized society a stated chair or throne in the house was given the man—the head of the household—with the Bible or Latin Prayer-book beside him. In later times—during the present century—there has been a growing tendency towards equality of human beings, and the last fine library of the Queen presents the startling innovation of equal seats for men and women!

An immense painting of a street scene in Stockholm fills one end of the building, and adds to the impressions here to be gained of Swedish life, and methinks one must be utterly devoid of imagination who fails to carry away with

him some idea of the local color of that distant land of the Aurora.

It is pleasant when having left these foreign buildings and found ourselves transported as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, from trans-Atlantic shores to the now familiar streets of our Columbian City, to sit for a few moments facing the restful, but never-resting lake, and think over what we have seen, at the same time keeping our eyes open for entertaining episodes which may happen around us. Many times a day does one or another of these dignified avenues lend itself as the stage for a droll bit of comedy. It is delightfully humorous to see a big Turk, gorgeous in his scarlet coat embroidered with gold, his handsome eyes dancing under his red fez, laughing at a long-eued son of China, while a commonplace and unpicturesque American (though queer enough, doubtless, in the eyes of these queer folks) stand by and laugh at them both!

But the scene shifts. There is music (if that wild, weird sound be music!) blended with the noise of tramping hoofs, in the air. Here they come! It is a procession of Belouins. Gaily-bedizened Sheiks mounted on Arabian steeds, dark-eyed maidens sitting upon the backs of towering camels and looking lazily about from under broad, silken canopies—rose-colored, and rose-scented. Others as fantastically attired, both men and women, are on foot. One woman stops for a moment and removing from a brown foot, innocent of any stocking, an embroidered shoe, shakes a pebble out of it, slips it on again, and is back in her place in the procession. On they go, keeping time to the barbaric jangling of their queer musical instruments. There is a flutter of oriental scarfs, a flash of jewelled sabres, and

the spirited pageant has passed by, leaving us to go on our way, humming, almost unconsciously, the wild dramatic notes which have been set to Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Love Song."

FOREIGN FOLK OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

II.

Spain is represented in the group of foreign buildings by a *fac-simile* of the "Lonja," or board of trade at Valencia, whose central hall, with high-arched roof supported and made beautiful by many tapering columns, is most impressive, but the chief interest in the Spanish memorials centres in the Caravels and the Convent of La Rabida. *Convent of La Rabida*—there is a fascination in the very name! The gruesome magnetism that hangs ever about the word convent followed by the soft Spanish name, La Rabida (meaning, in English, the mad lady) fills the ear with a charm that hurries our feet along towards the quaint white building, while thoughts and fancies of medieval mysteries run riot in the brain.

It was at La Rabida, it will be remembered, that good Father Marchena gave refuge to the then much-scuffed-at Columbus, in his most friendless and discouraged hour, and the venerable monastery has here been reproduced and appropriately made a museum for Columbus relics. The walls of its rambling and eccentric passages are lined with paintings depicting every phase of the life and career of the Discoverer, the artists seeming to have been at pains to make his features as unlike as possible in each picture, until after seeing what are supposed to be portraits of him taken under all conditions and from every point of view, we come away with the haziest idea of his real appearance.

Protected by glass cases, but unrolled so that they may be read, are many rare historical papers, most notable of which is the original commission of Ferdinand and Isabella to Columbus to start on his voyage of discovery. Above this paper a placard declares it to be the most precious historical document in the world, and requests gentlemen to bare their heads in passing before it. Such relics as a photograph of the bones of Columbus, a locket containing some of his dust, and a wooden shutter from the house where he was born, are looked upon with awe and reverence by the superstitious, smiled at by the iconoclastic, and regarded with a questioning kind of interest by those who go to neither extreme, and who, in great part, compose the throng of people that toil cheerfully and laboriously up steep wooden steps, and pause to take breath upon galleries which look out, through pretty arches, upon a court gay and exhilarating with the blended colors and perfumes of a thousand flowers.

Those who saw the caravels in Hampton Roads (where they rode the waves as debonairly in the presence of the grim men-of-war around them as though conscious that they had accomplished a feat of which none of the great armed ships built for no nobler end than that of barbarously destroying human life would ever be able to boast) are glad to find them again, moored on Lake Michigan. If England is our mother country, Spain might fitly be called our *god-mother* country, since she it was who stood sponsor for the action of that high priest of navigation, Columbus, and gave a name and a place in Christendom to a hitherto unnamed and unknown continent.

We are inclined to think, however, that she must have been one of the *feign* god-mothers the story-books tell of.

after seeing the little fleet provided by her for the expedition, for, in the light of nineteenth century ideas concerning ship-building, it would seem full as great a hazard to set out on a voyage around the world in the "*Santa Maria*," as to ride to a party *a la Cinderella*, in a coach fashioned, by touch of magic wand, from a pumpkin!

"Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl. Had the bowl been stronger, the tale would be longer"—thus runs the old rhyme. The wonder is that the story of the Spanish sailors should be so long.

NORWAY.

In the laudation of Columbus it has not been forgotten that even before his day the adventurous Norse probably found their way to the New World, and the picturesque gables of a modest little house of their own Norway pine adds further variety to the already charming cluster of foreign buildings. In the Fisheries Building they have elaborately illustrated the characteristics of their favorite pursuits, while their little craft, the "Viking," (even smaller than the caravels, though much plainer and sturdier-looking, as though fashioned for rougher seas) with pennants flying, and deck surrounded by a unique wall of circular shields, gallantly rides the waves of the Lake, and calls to mind Longfellow's stirring ballad, "The Skeleton in Armor"—founded upon traditions of the early exploits of the Norwegians. One can almost see the rugged corsair in such a ship as this, cutting through stormy seas, with his blue-eyed bride, towards shores beyond the wrath of the royal sire, and laughing, as he tosses the foam from his

drinking-horn, while he shouts over the waters behind him the toast to his native land: "Skoal to the Northland, Skoal!"

INDIANS.

Amid so many memorials of the discovery of America by the white men of the East, one's thoughts naturally turn to the aboriginal people of the new-found world—the Red men of the setting sun. Where are they? Have they been left out of this world's tryst? or do they scorn to dance at a fete which celebrates the decline of their star? No, they are here, and may be found in their little village of bark huts, going through the occupations of their every-day life as placidly as though the trackless forest guarded them from trespass of the "pale face." In the first hut I entered an Indian youth and girl were busy weaving mats and baskets of every hue and device of "sweet grass," which filled the atmosphere with the delicate fresh scent of the woods. I was glad to bring away a dainty yellow basket woven by the deft fingers of the quiet, bronze-faced little maiden who prettily called herself "Chosen." The next hut was filled with workers in bead, and other ornamental Indian work. In one corner sat a venerable chief, above whose head was a placard introducing him as "Deerfoot" (in his youth the fastest runner in the world), and requesting visitors to talk to "this polite and interesting gentleman." After this invitation we felt in courtesy bound to make some remark to him in passing, and not noticing that the card also declared that he was from Seneca, New York, we, somewhat tritely, tried to open a conversation by asking where he lived. "Did you read that card?" he demanded

in a "big Ingin" voice, rather suggestive of tomahawks and severed scalps. "Yes," we tremblingly acknowledged. "Then, if you have common sense, you know where I live," he growled. We stammered a most humble apology, and without attempting further sociability, shook the dust of the Indian village from our shoes with an alacrity that would have done credit to a Deerfoot himself! At the opposite end of the Grounds is the Esquimaux village, where, at all hours, the red sons of Labrador may be seen paddling about in slender canoes which they propel with one long oar, paddle-shaped at each end, and rounded to fit the hand in the middle. They spin over the water, dipping the paddle in first on one side and then on the other—see-saw fashion—forcibly reminding one of a tight-rope dancer with his balancing pole. The summer clothes, for which they have discarded their furry attire, are of white cotton, with a pointed hood of the same material, which covers the head and ears, and from which the brown, weather-beaten face, with the inevitable pipe in the mouth, peers forth right foreignly. Inside the hats are the funny Esquimaux mamas, with their sleepy "papooses" on their backs.

JAPAN.

From bleak Esquimaux-land to flowery Japan—what a contrast! As the seal-fishers have been considerably quartered on the banks of a pond, where they may be happy in the amphibious life that they love, so the most æsthetic people in the world have been as fittingly assigned the prettiest site in the Columbian city. Four arched bridges, from as many opposite directions, span the lagoon.

and connect the main grounds with a wooded island, which makes a welcome and lovely spot of green in the midst of the snow-white city, and embowers the "Hooden" as the Japanese building—a fac-simile of an ancient temple—is called. Here these color-loving folks, from their temporary home (resplendent with its lacquer and other beautiful work, the secret of whose manufacture are known only to the subjects of the Mikado) may feast their eyes by day upon blossoms whose mingled odours make a *pâtisserie* as delicious as the pungent breath of their own rose jars, while at night innumerable electric lights and paper lanterns blend their rays into a bouquet of color as gorgeous as ever queen's garden wore. Here a cup of genuine Japanese tea may be had with or without "ceremony," according to the size of the silver coin exchanged for it.

The Japs have also bazaars filled with their wares in the Midway Plaisance, and artistic sections in the Liberal Arts and Forestry buildings, all under the management of natives. In the Forestry building it is refreshing to come upon their attractive exhibit, which doesn't boast of the largest stump, or the widest plank, or the longest log, or or anything else that ends in "ist," but is fantastically and charmingly built of reeds and bamboo, and filled with the most Japanese and dainty articles made of native woods.

Seated in one corner of this little house was a wise-looking Jap, intent upon a book which lay open before him. I was so astonished to see an evidently intelligent man, neatly attired in American clothes (for all his sloping eyes!) actually reading—seriously and gravely—a book over whose pages were scattered, in what seemed to be a very random way, the queer-looking figures which we are wont to see

upon tea-boxes and bric-a-brac, but are given to look upon as mere ornamentation, rather than as having any serious bearing upon the affairs of life, that I nearly forgot the unwritten law against prying into what concerns us not in staring too inquisitively upon the droll page. The leaves of the book were dog-eared and yellowed with age, and I longed to possess the key to its puzzling contents. Was it some deep work of scientific lore, or a *chef d'œuvre* of Japanese poet, or was it some thrilling tale of oblique-eyed love and tiny-sandalled beauty?

The poor foreigners are in a fair way to be worn out with two questions alway being asked them by our American public. To the first, "How do you like our country?" They show great tact in replying: "I like very much the America," or "the America is very big, very good country." The second, "How do you like our climate?" they are apt to receive with less prudence. Oppressed, if they come from the north, by the heat, or shivering with cold, if they are from the south, they are often more candid than courteous in giving vent to their feelings. One of them answered this question so cleverly that I wish I could remember under what flag he came over. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "You have no *climate* in the America, only *samples of weather*!" A description that would never apply to our sunny Virginia, though it was much to the point in lake-bound Chicago.

THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

A day in the Midway Plaisance is, in many ways, very like a return to childhood hours—to that pleasant period half way between infancy and grown-up-hood, when all of life seems a holiday, and the world a combination of jollity, romance and delightful mysteries.

Here, sweet belief in myths and stories that grown folks usually laugh at comes back to us, and we would not be surprised to meet a fairy or a hobgoblin at any moment, for where everything is so strange nothing seems to be improbable. Here (as in the rest of the Columbian city, and, indeed, the rest of the world, of which the Columbian city is the enchanting epitome) the most bewitching time is at night—especially upon those nights when the moon comes out to see, and to graciously take part in the illumination.

If one should declare that we are on the planet Saturn I should never think of contradicting him, for the wise men tell us of circles of fire which on that distant orb take the place of moons; and are there not yonder before us two brilliant hoops of flame standing up in the sky more splendid than our wildest fancy had pictured the rings of Saturn to be true?

True, I am at present under the impression that what we see is the great Ferris wheel; its giant tire bound at either edge with a ribbon of electric lights, but it is as beautifully wonderful as anything on any star could wish to be, and I am quite willing to believe that I am mistaken in my supposition in regard to it, and that we are paying a visit to another

planet. Certainly the people about us are queer enough to be inhabitants of the fire-belted world or any other.

Then, too, here to our right, is this dazzling mart where men stand in the light of glowing furnaces and, with long pipes at their lips, blow dainty vases and urns of tinted crystal, and where are displayed delicate-hued parasols and ball gowns of spun and woven glass, as soft and shimmering as royal satin. Surely, we never met anybody clad in robes of glass on earth, though very likely the belles of far-away, twinkling Saturn "trip the light fantastic toe" in such attire.

The Midway Plaisance is that part of the Fair where people come to laugh. One of the most striking characteristics of the Columbian city itself is the solemnness of the crowd. Every brow is knitted, every eye too intent upon what is going on around it to give itself over to a smile. It is evident that this throng of men and women is at school (though the most delightful school since the world began!) and the lessons which the combined intellect of the whole world has set them conning are so overwhelming to each individual little brain as to make levity impossible.

In the Plaisance, however, merriment reigns supreme. Here all of the five senses are amusingly appealed to at once. Sight, hearing, smell, taste and even touch, for there is a conspicuous absence of the familiar placard with "please do not touch" in five or six languages. You are invited not only to touch, but to take (for some three times its equivalent in silver) any or every article in the gay booths and bazaars, and the persuasive tone in which you are informed, in soft oriental accent, that the ottar of roses, sandal and olive wood boxes, Turkish pipes, fezes,

scarfs and sandals, and quaint and curious jewelry from everywhere under the sun, are "ver-y cheap, ver-y nice" is apt to be the "open sesame" to your purse.

In their eagerness to dispose of their baubles they try to decorate the unwary customer with them, supposing doubtless, that having once seen himself so adorned he will be loth to part with them.

I found it necessary to put my hands behind me in order to prevent an enterprising Turk from clasping a gaudy bracelet on my arm, whose price he reduced by rapid stages from 82.50 to 65 cents! Much has been said and written of the theatres and shows of the Plaisance, but it is the open street itself, and the motley tide of humanity that surges through it, that is its chief interest. Those who agree with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man," can desire no better school. Every language of the world spoken at once, and mingled with monotonous barbaric music and foreign laughter, makes a concord of the queerest sounds heard since Babel, while every fashion of dress of every place and period, worn by people of every complexion and type of feature, is as bewildering to the eye as the noises are to the ear.

The street cries of the Plaisance are irresistible, and the "Wel-a, Wel-a, Wel-a, *everybody* welcome!" chanted by the man at the door of the Turkish theatre, the "Hot, hot, hot, hot, *very* hot zelabia!" (I wonder if I have the name of it right?) And "Very nice bum-bum, very nice bum-bum, very nice Egyptian candy!" of Cairo street are on the lips of the children all over Chicago. The inquisitive may for a nickel taste the hot "zelabia" or "bum-bum candy," but most of us are quite content with having seen them and heard the cry.

This zelabia is very like an ordinary waffle, but thinner. I stood watching a dusky citizen of Cairo munching a piece of it, when, seeing my interest in the performance, he turned the side he had not bitten to me and said in good English, "take a bite?" Upon my declining, with thanks, he repeated the invitation, seeking to remove any suspicions that might rest on my mind by adding "very good—Merican sugar! Merican flour, take little bite, lady," but I again begged to be excused.

THE JOLLIEST PLACE.

The jolliest place in the Plaisance is Cairo street, which is said by those who know to out-Cairo Cairo! Here may be seen the dirtiest, most democratic, but withal, the best-humored crowd of humanity in all Midway. The daring ones go lumbering along, perched on the backs of the awkward, patient camels led by dark Egyptians in their funny clothes, who with long bridles in their hands, trot along in front of the gawky beasts, shouting in their monotonous foreign tones, all the English they know: "Look out! Look out!" The more cowardly collect in knots by the wayside and make the air ring with peals of laughter at the expense of the riders. In marked contrast to the mountainous camels are the diminutive doukeys (led by gay-turbaned boys) which find plenty of people anxious to exchange a bit of silver for the experience of a tour through Cairo on their backs. There is almost always a wedding procession going by, and the interest which attaches to the ever-new spectacle of uniting of two lives is

increased tenfold when the contracting parties are the Egyptian donkey-boy and black-eyed flower-girl.

A marriage is a very elaborate affair in Cairo, and requires a week for the performance of all the rites connected with it. The prospective bridegroom has to serenade his bride-elect every other night during the marriage week, while on alternate nights she returns the compliment by singing a love-song under his window.

Then there is a parade through the streets every day, and other festivities, ending with a final ceremonial that makes the two hearts one.

THE MOST TANTALIZING.

The most tantalizing place in Midway is the Javanese village, for the reason that it is nearly always closed. The glimpses of it to be had through the cracks in the fence that surrounds it, are so attractive that it has been turned into a "peep show" by the long line of people always to be seen with one eye on a crack, learning what they may in this uncomfortable fashion, of the coffee-colored little folk in the coffee-colored little huts, picturesquely built of matting, and who come away with the impression that everything on the distant isle of Java has partaken of the hue of its chief export.

THE MOST ROMANTIC.

The most romantic place is the Moorish palace, with its enchanting "Magic Maze." The entrance to this Magic

Maze is a sort of garden, luxuriant with palm trees, and hung with jeweled lanterns, whose rays dissipate darkness just enough to make a rosy-colored twilight. After a few moments of wandering through this fantastic and poetic garden memories of the outside world fade from our dazed senses: we seem to have plunged into dreamland, and as though walking in sleep, steal cautiously forward to lose ourselves in a labyrinth where rows and rows of gilded columns with the spaces between them barred by great mirrors reproduce themselves, and the scene, again and again, and we, bewilderedly, pass the occasional doorways, and rush against the delusive reflectors, in our effort to find the thread which leads the way back to prosaic reality.

Many other interesting features has the Moorish palace, chief among which is the singing of the three Roumanian girls, who shake their tambourines and sing songs that remind one as much of the wild melodies of the song-birds of tropical woods, as the gay attire of the maiden-musicians does of the plumage of those same gorgeous songsters.

Throughout the Plaisance the Orient holds full sway. Though there are theatres and exhibitions of people from all over the world, it is the East and Eastern races that are everywhere to be seen. Egypt, Asia Minor, Syria, Bethlehem, Jerusalem. It is strange to hear from the lips of these gaudily-apparelled and half-civilized folk that they live in places so intimately associated in our minds with the Bible and Bible times, that we hardly realize them to be part of the world of to-day. One of the "star" dancing girls is from Thessalonica.

So many followers of Mohammed are here that they have a regular mosque in the streets of Constantinople, from

whose minaret the "Muezzin" chants, in weird monotone, the call to prayer, which being translated is, "Allah is most great. Allah is god and Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer! Come to security!" Upon the outside of the mosque are printed the hours of worship, and it is worthy the consideration of Christians who think more than one service a week a burden, that these followers of the false prophet have *five stated hours of prayer a day!* These prayers are for men only, as it is not customary for women to attend the mosque.

The faithful take off their shoes and wash their hands, faces and feet before entering, and only professed Mohammedans can enter at all, but a fairly good view of the interior may be had from without, by looking through the low windows.

I was fortunate enough to be in the streets of Constantinople on "Turkey day," the birthday of the sultan, when all the shops were closed and great festivities in progress in honor of the anniversary. A most interesting show was a combat between two picturesquely attired swordsmen, which took place in an amphitheatre formed by the joining of hands around an open court of a long string of holiday-dad Turks, while a throng of people of every clime and color looked on from outside of the gorgeous ring. The gladiators began by striding up and down before each other, each brandishing a sword in his right hand, and swinging a shield on his left arm. This continued for some moments, followed by ringing strokes of the sword first on the shield and then on the ground, and many other spirited and indescribable tactics, which they executed, each with his eyes on the eyes of the other, and in time to music, until their faces grew pink and tense with excitement.

Then they began to fence furiously (but with wonderful art), waxing warmer every moment, their eyes gleaming more and more savagely until a point was reached when it seemed inevitable that bloodshed would follow, and spoil the play.

At this supreme and thrilling moment the master of ceremonies, who sat by on a horse and watched every sword-thrust with intense interest, rode forward with drawn sword and placed the bare blade between the combatants.

Instantly the band began to play a wild and exhilarating strain, and the duel was at an end.

I was glad to learn from the races on the other side of the globe that they have no difficulty in *sticking on*. Time was when I thought that they walked upside down, like flies on the ceiling, and made many conjectures as to how they held on, and wasted much sympathy for the dizziness, which it seemed to me must be the result of living head downwards, but I am told that they suffer no such inconvenience, which establishes the fact more firmly than ever that at least half of this life is in getting used to things!

In the magical Plaisance I met many people who I am quite sure belong in the pictures in "Arabian Nights"—I recognized them by their clothes—but none of them seemed to know me, which was surprising, after all the happy hours we had spent together. Doubtless Aladdin thought himself remarkably favored by fortune when he found that lamp by whose aid he could be transported to any spot in the world that he might wish to visit: but, after all, how far behind these Nineteenth Century times he was, for in Midway Plaisance we can be everywhere in the world

at once, without the assistance of any lamp save the genial sunshine—which is free to all, and of which no crafty “magician” can rob us—and without the need of any genii to show us the way, other than the two sharp eyes, always ours to command!

FINE ART AT THE FAIR.

I.

Undoubtedly, the greatest wonder of that Columbian city of wonders is the result, there to be seen, of the combination of the oldest thing and the newest thing in the civilized world—Art and Electricity.

It is this beautiful wedding of the chief factors of ancient and modern civilization that has created in this most *blaze* of ages, on this most prosaic spot of earth, a fairy queen of cities. It is this combination that has opened the eyes of men and women brought up on the beauties of Art, but who never before conceived of the possibilities of Electricity, and of others familiar with the wonderful effects to be gained by taming the lightning, but who knew little of Art, to a glory not dreamed of before, and has set hundreds of thousands who never gave a moment's thought to anything less utilitarian than the grinding of flour, or the weaving of cloth, to rhapsodizing over what appeals to the eye and the intellect alone.

II.

Whatever else the Columbian Exposition may be, whatever other interests it may have, or lessons it may teach, it is, first and foremost, a world's Academy of Fine Arts. From the moment you enter the gates of that magic city until they have closed behind you for the last time, Art is pres-

ent with you. You may not feel enough interest in her to undergo the bodily weariness of a tour through her own especial palace, where she holds perpetual court—a palace whose chaste doorways sculptured white lions guard (as did their prototype “*faire Una*”) and the high roof of whose porticoes rest, now upon the capitals of airy columns, now upon the heads of snow-white nymphs that remind one of the garden in the old rhyme, abloom with “pretty maids all in a row”—but even though you do not enter there you cannot hide from her, or escape doing her homage.

She is queen here, and she knows it, and demands the recognition of her sceptre. You cannot sit down to rest but she beckons to you in the form of groups of statuary that adorn the grounds and buildings, and in the classic outline of the buildings themselves.

You cannot turn your head to right or left in any of the great temples dedicated to science, commerce, agriculture, or invention, or which house the treasures of the different foreign nations, but an arch, a column, a painting, a statue, a storied window, or a frieze will proclaim, as herald, the reign of Art, and before you know it, however, stubborn you may be, you are saying in your heart, “Long live the Queen!”

III.

What a revelation it all is! How many people have gone to Chicago this summer who never before saw a picture or a statue! By a picture I do not mean a chromo, or a wood engraving (though this last has been brought to a remarkable degree of perfection) but a *real picture*, whose

every stroke-of-the-brush has a meaning, and was put there by the living, master hand of some one we have heard of, but whose name in our ears sounds as faraway and unreal as an echo from distant mountain peak. We may cover the names of these masters, and the titles of the great pictures that they have made until we feel that we can talk quite learnedly of painting, but we have really just arrived at that stage in Art study, which corresponds with that of a child who boasts that he can say his alphabet with his eyes shut, but who cannot join any two letters together and make a word! It is only after seeing the works themselves, that these names, that trip so glibly off the tongue, begin to grow real to us, and to stand for something that is wonderful and beautiful.

Even then, we begin to realize that we are only in the *horn-book* of art, but the horn-book itself is a marvellous revelation to a wholly untutored mind! How great is the delight of a child who having struggled over A-B-C until he knows each letter by itself, but without any connection one with the other, begins to put the perplexing symbols together, and to find that thus, in conjunction, they stand for something that he loves—that *c-o-w*, which he has learned to pick out from the bewilderment of words as yet enigmas to him, means the gentle, browsing creature, tinkling her pretty bell by the river's brink; or *d-o-g* is the affectionate, merry, play-fellow, barking at his side!

Even so, after learning the lessons set for us by the great art galleries, the names of the masters begin to have a real and definite meaning for us.

The name of the great M^ller, for instance, means something that is touching, and strong, and great. He repre-

sents the simple life of the honest, hard-handed peasantry of his own France, while his fellow-countryman, Corot, stands for the mysterious lessons and secrets which Nature is ever whispering through the leaves and brooks and rocks among which Millet's peasants make their humble homes. One stands for human, the other for inanimate Nature.

IV.

Those who know the artists only from hear-say are prone to get the names of this French Millet, and the English Sir John Millais confused: but having once seen their works, it is impossible ever to confound them again. Millet is great in a vigorous, homely, rugged, pathetic way. He gives us few details. He does not appeal to the fanciful or æsthetic in our natures, but with a few bold strokes of the brush he goes straight to the heart. Sir John Millais is great in a pretty, tender, spiritual way. He gives us exquisite coloring, graceful drapery, quaint, dainty, ruffled garments. His subjects are simple, too, but with a different kind of simplicity. The child faces he so loves to paint have a soft, melting expression and tint that seems to be, not paint, but flesh and blood, with a soul shining through.

The most appealing and strong of Millet's pictures to me was the "Man With a Hoe"—a workman in a field pausing to rest, and leaning upon a short-handled hoe: that was all, but how much of feeling and of "tired nature" there was in it! "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," this picture seemed to say! "The Sheep-Shearers," "Gleaners," "The Haymaker," and "Pig-Killers" were other realistic scenes in peasant life, that need no description other than their names.

The two pictures by Millais that pleased me most were "Bubbles," and the "Ornithologist." With "Bubbles" most of us have already been made familiar, as Messrs. Pears, to whom the picture belongs, and by whom it is loaned to the Exposition, have sown copies of it broadcast. It represents a little boy blowing bubbles. His pipe is in his hand, his lovely face is upturned, and his wistful blue eyes are gazing at the minature worlds which he has set floating above his head, with as deep awe and interest as ever astronomer, on his tower, watched the race of whirling planets along their ethereal track. It is well nigh impossible to believe that those transparent, airy, iridescent spheres are painted, and we half expect them to burst and be absorbed in air as we look at them.

The "Ornithologist" is too genial and kind-hearted looking to have such a formidable name, and the expressions of the sweet-faced, golden and brown-haired lads and lassies who are gathered around, and hang over his couch (for he seems to be an invalid) testify that he is a much less prosy companion than the scientific name would seem to indicate. He holds in his hand a gorgeous-feathered bird, while others lie on a table at his side, and from the kindly way that his eyes beam through the spectacles on his nose, and the breathless interest in the races of the little people about him, I should say that an illustrated lecture on ornithology must be a very delightful kind of entertainment.

V.

Entirely different from the work of either of these artists are the wonderfully beautiful and vivid pictures of Alma-Tadema. He is great in a poetic, classic way. Plutarch

quotes one of the old Greek poets as calling painting "silent poetry," and Alma-Tadema's paintings are, indeed, silent poems! He might fitly be called the Homer of modern painters. His men and women are usually purely Greek in feature, pose, dress, and occupation; while the marble columns, floors, steps, and seats which he almost invariably brings into his pictures are so really and unmistakably marble, that it makes one shiver to look at them! The grace, classic outline, and exquisitely delicate coloring and finish of "A Reading from Homer," and "A Dedication to Bacchus," are unsurpassed. In the latter the mellow reflection of the sunlight, falling through a wine-colored canopy upon a procession of vine-wreathed maidens, seems to moderate the temperature created by the chilling marble pavement.

VI.

Very different still is the collection of paintings by Elihu Vedder, (Rome) each of which has a story to tell. His heads of Samson and Delilah are fine work, though (if one may presume to criticise) it seems to me that with all of the superb strength and marhood he has succeeded in putting into Samson's features and expression, it falls somewhat short of the ideal, in not being of distinctly Jewish type. With his Delilah no fault can be found. "Sorrow," (represented by the face of an old man) "Between Doubt and Faith," (represented by two girl faces) is full of feeling, while "A Soul in Bondage" is one of the saddest, most fascinating, and most powerful pictures in the collection. A beautiful woman is bound hand and foot by a silken scarf, her eyes are fast closed, and she clings, with her bound hands, to the faintest and brightest of butterflies.

VII.

"Psyche," by Paul Thumann (German section) is exquisite. The beautiful winged maiden kneeling on a rock that overhangs a stream, and peeping at her reflected face in the water—nature's mirror—makes us wonder that she does not, like Narcissus, "die of her own dear loveliness," and become immortal in perennial bloom! The delicately warm and soft flesh tints in this picture call to mind the bewitching cupids and angels in Bouguereau's masterpieces, to be seen in the French department.

The spirit that breathes from the beautiful "Our Lady of the Angels," and "The Women at the Tomb," of this distinguished artist, is most pure and lofty. Indeed they are among the few pictures of religious subjects that I saw that did not shock and grate upon the feelings and taste, rather than give any pleasure. The first represents a heavenly-faced Madonna, standing with the Holy Child in her arms against a back-ground of clouds, from which downy-winged cherubs peep out. The babe has an expression of mingled spirituality and winsomeness that works no destruction to our ideal, and is half-springing from his mother's clasp with both arms outstretched, as if to embrace the world.

The second picture is the familiar scene of the two Marys at the forsaken sepulchre, and the angel in the back-ground. The coloring in Bouguereau's works is so lovely, and the execution so finished, that while they challenge the criticism of the artistic world, they also impress and give delight to the most ignorant. As I stood before the last-named pic-

ture, I noticed a homely Darby and Joan, evidently taking their first lesson in Art, and who, though they had no conception of their rare privilege in being face to face with the fruits of such rich genius as that of the great Frenchman, were yet enjoying it as fully in their own humble fashion, as the art critic possibly could in his more exacting and learned way.

Of course they had no catalogue. I was wondering what they thought of it, when my curiosity was gratified by hearing the man say, with great satisfaction: "Well, that's what I call a dandy, but I wonder what's its name?" "It must be the gate of heaven," replied the wife, "there's an angel!" I did not seek to enlighten them, for doubtless they were happier in the thought that they were having a glimpse into Heaven, than they would be to know that it was the grim abode of death. And then the thought occurred to me that they spoke more wisely than they knew, for they had good, honest faces, for all their roughness of feature and attire, and to such, should not the gate of Heaven and the tomb be as one?

VIII.

Still another style of painting is that of Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy of Great Britain, who draws most of his subjects from Greek mythology. A great circular picture, gorgeous with color, is "The Garden of the Hesperides," with its dragon-guarded, golden apples. A picture from the same hand that pleased me more, is "Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alceste."

Somewhat similar in subject, though very different in treatment, is the strong, impressive "Love and Death," by Watts—also in the British section.

Yet another style is that of the Van Beers collection in the Belgian department, distinguished for exquisite delicacy of color and execution. His portraits are pretty and artistic enough to be *pictures*, which cannot be said of all portraits.

IX.

Among animal pictures one of the finest I saw was "Daniel in the Lion's Den," by Riviere (British). No lover of dogs could fail to be touched by "Requiescat," by the same artist. It represents a dog, watching with an attitude and expression of deep affection and protecting care, by the body of his soldier master. Rosa Bonheur, the inimitable, is only represented by two tiny bits of canvass, one a study of sheep, and the other of cows.

The sheep pictures of Troyon are beautiful.

A pretty, cheerful scene by Julius Adams (German) is "Little Cats." Two kittens, soft and white as balls of thistle-down, are perched upon a spinning-wheel, and are having rare fun, while they make sad havoc of the flax, that some poor spinner has left, unguarded, on the distaff; while Mamma Pussy sits on the floor and looks up at her naughty children with such an expression of lazy satisfaction on her face, that one can almost hear her purr!

X.

"Alone in the World," by Israels (Holland), and "Breaking the Home Ties," by Hovenden (United States), are pictures to draw tears.

Many scenes from Dutch life are quaint and attractive. "A Sewing Bee in Holland," by Uhde, is especially beautiful. The picturesque costumes of the "bees," and the interior of the room are interesting, while the execution of the picture and the prospective are admirable.

"A Game of Chess in the Vatican," by De Tommasi (Italian section), is a fine picture, in yet another entirely different style.

In the United States department Brown's "Stump Speech" is charming and distinctly American. It represents a group of typical, young-American, street Arabs, one of whom is haranguing the rest of the independent, enthusiastic little crowd.

The French school, as a whole, is disappointing. It is true that the Bongerian pictures, and the works of some of their masters in the "Loan collection" are among the gems of the Art Palace's treasures, but the general effect of their department seems to be flippancy and lack of earnestness and depth in motive, and over-gorgeousness of color in execution.

The "Impressionists" are here in all their eccentricity of coloring,—verily does it take many schools of painting to make an artistic world!

XL.

SCULPTURE.

The collection of sculpture in the great galleries does not compare with the paintings, though there are some very beautiful pieces.

"Sveol," an old fisherman trudging home with his little daughter, whose he has just rescued from drowning.

in his arms) is pathetic and strong: and the bronze "Dickens and Little Nell" is among the finest. The idea, in this last, of grouping Dickens with the sweet child of his genius is such a unique and charming one, that the subject would be bound to attract, even if the work itself were less admirable.

There are some exquisite white marble medallions, among which "Beatrice," by Apolloni, and "Night" and "Day," by Dansch (Italian section, all of them), are especially delicate and beautiful. I remember, in the same section, one of those veiled marble heads whose ingenuity of execution seems to endow with a special charm, and make them a seven days wonder to the uninitiated, who gather in groups about the work and ask each other how it is done. The name of this piece is "Love's Dream," and the softly radiant expression which shines through the veil of the "Dreamer" tells us plainly enough that the artist (Apolloni) agrees with the poet who said "there's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream." Among the graven images of fabulous divinities that lend an Olympic atmosphere to this, as to all galleries of sculpture, Houdon's "Diana" (French) is chaste, graceful and majestic.

Every Virginian should be proud of the beautiful work of our own gifted sculptor, Valentine. Our one regret is that it is impossible for his classic and impressive "Andromache" and the exquisitely touching "Blind Girl" to be in two places at once, for while we are not willing to spare them from the Mount Vernon Memorial, we are exceedingly sorry to lose them from the Art Palace, whose halls their white marble loveliness would have greatly enriched.

XII.

In such an abundant yield of the fruits of artistic genius as these great galleries present, it is not to be expected that all should be good grain,—as in every field in this world the tares have crept in along with the wheat, but the tares are not altogether to be despised, for they teach us what to avoid, and for all their intrusion here, so rich is the harvest, that to attempt to glean from every stalk in the brief space which the most fortunate of us can command, were a fool's errand indeed. All that we can hope for, as we roam the wide fields, is to bind a few fruitful sheaves to be treasured forever in the store-houses of memory.

For the judgment of works of art there could be no surer criterion than two familiar and immortal utterances of that prince of artists *in words*, Keats. The first is, "Beauty is truth; truth, beauty—that is all ye know or need to know." A picture or statue to be beautiful in any high sense, must be faithful to whatever phase of life it stands for: without this faithfulness, it is not only utterly worthless, but, in proportion to the blackness of the lie it tells, mischievous. With this faithfulness, it must own beauty in a greater or less degree, for beauty and truth are one! The second is the well-worn line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever: its loveliness increases." It is as impossible to drink in all of the beauty of a great picture or statue at a glance, as to measure a great poem at one hurried reading. If there is real genius behind it we find more to admire the longer and oftener we look. Its loveliness increases. If its loveliness does not increase—if it simply catches the eye at first, and afterwards palls on us, no further proof is needed that it is not a thing of beauty, for the blessed mission of such is to give "joy forever!"

WHAT HAS BEEN BROUGHT HOME FROM THE FAIR?

I.

In a story familiar to most of us a distinguished English writer tells how one, Moses, went to a fair, and exchanged the family nag for a gross of green goggles.

A natural question to ask ourselves, now that the vision glorious has passed forever out of sight, is: What have we brought home with us from the Fair? For what have we exchanged our nags and other worldly goods. It is to be earnestly hoped that none of us will have to make the melancholy answer, green goggles!

If our one and only recollection of that Magic City is of the giant proportions of its palaces, or the enormous intrinsic value of articles for sale there—if the only mementoes we have taken pains to collect are the tawdry trinkets stamped with the likeness of Columbus, or the date 1492, we must blushinglly confess that we, like Goldsmith's Moses, have brought home from the Fair nothing more valuable than green goggles, which can lay claim to no virtue save the very doubtful one of cheapness. If on the other hand our memories are stored with the lessons which the great academies there have marked out in clear-cut characters, that he who runs may read, we have indeed bargained wisely and well, our lives will be enriched as long as they



last, and to the treasure-houses of our minds we must needs have added vast possessions, though we may not have exchanged a single penny for a "souvenir."

The real benefits of the World's Fair were not cheap. To possess them required not only lavish expense of physical strength and nervous wear and tear, but the sustained mental effort always hard to make when the body is weary.

II.

First of these benefits should perhaps be placed the unconscious and inevitable broadening of the mind by having had the resources of the whole world spread in tangible and substantial shape before it, and by the thoughts which, uninvited, thronged into the brain at every turn. Added to this is the enrichment of the heart by the awaking in it of interest in peoples who formerly seemed too far away to be of any importance to us; the discovery that all men are indeed *men*—brothers and neighbors—members of one grand household, whose roof is as broad as heaven, and whose walls are as wide as the world! For now that lightning transportation is cutting distances between cities and continents shorter every day, the Nations of the Earth draw nearer and nearer to each other—the brotherhood of man becomes a more and more fixed and apparent fact, and to this big family of the world, as to each individual little household which helps to compose it, applies wise old Æsop's beautiful fable of the "Bundle of Sticks." Divided and at odds these Nations are as so many straws which the wind bloweth whither it listeth, bound together they make a sheaf of fair and golden grain, fit for kings' garnerers.

III.

Then there is a stimulus for reading, quickening of appetite for further knowledge, broader and fuller education. We now read with avidity an article whose leaves we would have left uncut before going to Chicago, or a paragraph about some distant country or people which could have had no attraction for us before we saw those people with our own eyes, and were seized with desire to know more of them and their queer ways. Thus, also, with the arts and sciences, and industries of divers kinds; we find ourselves thirsting for information that without such wonderfully beautiful awakening of interest would have appealed to us in vain. More than that, with this expansion of intellect and desire for knowledge of great things, comes a correspondingly lessened interest in the warping trivialities and unwholesome excitements of modern life.

IV.

Then there seems to have been developed within us a new and sixth sense, the sense of perception and conception of the beautiful. We have been appalled by the beauty of the vision, our minds seemed unable to grasp it all, our ideals have been for once more than realized, they have been surpassed, our tongues know no words to express what we have seen and felt. Without this vision never could we have imagined such lofty, such spiritual beauty, no words of any language could have pictured it to us, for it was without precedent, and language can only tell of things that have been.

But having had our eyes thus opened what is truly beautiful in spiritual and material life seems crowned with new loveliness. this delicate new sense has made us more keenly alive to the exalting influences of beauty just as a magnifying glass will reveal to the natural eye wonders to which it was born blind. To illustrate this truth, a few days after my return from Chicago I walked, in the late afternoon, through the Capitol Square—undoubtedly the loveliest spot in the lovely city of Richmond. The sun was setting, and the classic, old capitol building, on its green hill, and surrounded by its body-guard of venerable trees; the dramatic outline of the Washington statue and, just beyond, the long graceful finger of St. Paul's church spire, piercing the red sky; with the evening light over all, thrilled me as the same oft-admired picture had never thrilled me before. Why, but that this sense or faculty of perception of the beautiful had been developed by being brought into full play, as physical muscles are by training?

V.

The question of the propriety of opening the great Exposition on Sunday made this broad land ring with heated and earnest discussion, but one of the first thoughts to present itself to the visitor there was that every day seemed like Sunday. Here was a pearl of cities, amply peopled, but without the strife and bustle to be found in the everyday life of all other cities in the world. The Sunday quietness was there—the Sunday drawing of Men's thoughts away from sordid interests to loftier things. Day unto day uttered speech, night unto night shewed knowledge of a higher power than men's at work in the world, and to the glory

of that Higher Power was many an impressive, albeit silent sermon preached—many an anthem chanted in “reason’s ear” from the pure architectural beauty of the City’s white walls.

Among such sermons none was more eloquent than that expressed in no uncertain sound by the beautiful “Peristyle”—a long gallery whose roof was surmounted with symbolic groups of statuary and supported by rows of stately columns, between which gleamed blue glimpses of the Lake. Above the columns were written in clear and beautiful characters the names of the men who have made different phases of American life sublime, and inscriptions, chaste in language and lofty in sentiment, which seemed to point us, first to the men who have illumined the history of our life, arts, and sciences, and then to the graces and sterling virtues of which the fair structures of their characters were built.

— VI.

A lesson of the World’s Fair by no means to be despised is that people do not often die of mere bodily fatigue. This mysterious human fabric of ours is of very elastic substance—it may be stretched until it seems to be on the verge of breaking, but the strain once relieved, it soon resumes its original shape.

VII.

All of these may be classed as the abstract benefits of the World’s Fair, there are others which we will call specific benefits. They are the actual facts learned from

its innumerable object lessons. The Liberal Arts, Machinery and Electricity have told us of man's wonderful ingenuity and inventive genius; Agriculture, Horticulture and Mining have shown us the gifts which Mother Earth bestows upon her human children in divers places; Transportation, Anthropology and the Foreign and State buildings have given us enough history to make a great library if all of their facts were set down in books. From the beautiful, rustic palace of Forestry, built of great logs in their natural dress of bark and lichen, dove-tailed and riveted together with wooden pins—in whose construction as in Solomon's Temple the sound of the hammer was not heard—we have had an interesting chapter from Nature's book.

Some of the prettiest lessons of all were taught by the Fish Commission, where the sunlight filtered through reservoirs of crystal, filled with clear water and artistically furnished with the rocks, moss and shells that the finny inhabitants are accustomed to in their native homes, and revealed to us the fishes, little and great, living out their lives as happily and naturally as though they were in the deep recesses of their own streams and rivers, safe from the penetration of man's curious gaze. The shoals of little creatures of living gold and silver (there seemed to be thousands of them) sporting themselves in the sparkling water, diving down, darting up, playing at hide-and-seek like a group of happy children on a holiday, were really as pretty as anything in the world could be. In one reservoir where was a long alligator and some turtles, a baby turtle was amusing himself running up and down the alligator's back, clutching the scaly hide with his queer hands, and evidently having great fun, while Mr. Alligator

lay as quiet and content as possible, and seemed to regard the pranks of his little playfellow with an air of good-natured indulgence.

There is indeed no branch of polite learning which could not have been pursued here to advantage, and doubtless priceless treasures of the mind have been brought home by all who were not content with green goggles.

VIII.

Besides these benefits to each individual visitor to the Fair there is a broader view to take of it—there have probably been brought home by a minority of those who journeyed thither treasures which will be for the ultimate good of the whole human family.

In the pretty old fairy-tale of "Jack and the Beanstalk," the impractical boy, Jack, drove his cow to a fair and sold her for a handful of colored beans, for which act of improvidence poor Jack received, from his mother, a sound beating. But when the beans, which were thrown away as worthless, had taken root, the marvellous tree which sprung from them brought to the family vast wealth and power.

Even so, mayhap, there have been visitors to Chicago this summer of the Christian Era, 1893, who have, like Jack, exchanged their all for what would seem to some practical and conservative minds a parcel of ideas and notions as worthless as Jack's beans, and the sooner dashed away the better, but who knows but that in some of those seeds of thought may be alive a germ as fruitful as that hidden in the fabulous beans of the old story, and from which may spring a growth as astonishing as ever was giant bean-stalk—to the lasting benefit of all mankind?

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